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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

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The BOYS™

NINE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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DON'T MIND IF WE COME IN, DO YOU, SQUIRE?

WHAT? WAIT! WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME?

I'M NOT THE, THE TEK-KNIGHT, OR WHATEVER YOU--LOOK, YOU CAN'T JUST WALK IN HERE--!

LIBRARY...

ALPHABETICAL. THAT IS HANDY.

P... P, P, P...

BINGO.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, BUT I AM NOT THE TEK-KNIGHT!

I'M NOT! ARE YOU LISTENING? I AM NOT THE--

WELCOME TEK KNIGHT

PLEASE BEGIN SECURITY VERIFICATION

WELL, ISN'T *THAT* A TURN-UP FOR THE BOOKS?

The Purloined Letter & Other Stories By Edgar Allan Poe

GET SOME part three

ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO, ONE OF YOUR MATES IN PAYBACK GOT COKED OFF HIS TITS AND BEAT HIS GIRLFRIEND INTO A COMA. DON'T BOTHER TRYNNA GUESS WHO, IT WAS EAGLE THE ARCHER.

I KEPT IT A SECRET. IN EXCHANGE HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW ABOUT EVERY ONE OF HIS TEAM-MATES, RIGHT DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL. *DAYLIGHT.*

JESUS--!

WHO... WHO *ARE YOU* PEOPLE...?

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH SHOCKS FOR ONE DAY, MATE. WE'VE GOT A COUPLA QUESTIONS WE WANTED TO ASK YOU.

AYE, YOU COULDN'T TELL US WHERE THE BOG IS, COULD YOU?

BOG?

RESTROOM.

OH, UH... AT THE BACK BEHIND THE TEK-WING.

IS THAT ALL?

GOOD START.

I'VE GOTTA GO...!

WE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A MATE OF YOURS.

TK

SWINGWING? OF COURSE HE'S GAY.

I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN...

I DON'T KNOW IF HE ACTUALLY HAD A THING GOING WITH THIS--RUBENSTEIN? THIS BOY...BUT YES, I KNOW HE TENDS TO PREFER PEOPLE HIS OWN AGE OR YOUNGER...

BLOKE WE SPOKE TO YESTERDAY DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.

HE'S GAY, AN' HE'S MET SWINGWING LOADSA TIMES.

WELL...IS HE OLDER?
THERE YOU ARE THEN.
BIT.
LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING SWINGWING ISN'T DISCRETE--I'M NOT REALLY SAYING ANYTHING, WHAT HE GETS UP TO IS HIS BUSINESS. BUT HE IS GAY.
AW, YOU'RE FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME...
PLEASE BEGIN SECURITY VERIFICATION
THAT BOTHER YOU AT ALL?
WHY WOULD IT?
SAME BLOKE RECKONS YOU HATE QUEERS. LIKE YOU CAN'T EVEN STAND TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR 'EM.
WELL-- IT'S A LITTLE DIFFICULT ANSWERING ACCUSATIONS WHEN I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO'S MADE THEM, BUT...
ALL RIGHT, PERHAPS I'M NOT ENTIRELY COMFORTABLE AROUND GAY PEOPLE. BUT SWINGWING USED TO BE MY SIDEKICK, AND WE'RE STILL CLOSE, AND HIS SPONSORS-- YOU KNOW, THE COMIC PUBLISHERS AND SO ON--THEY DECIDED HE SHOULD BE INVOLVED WITH GAY...GROUPS, SOCIETY, WHAT HAVE YOU. SO I WENT ALONG A COUPLE OF TIMES TO SHOW SUPPORT.
PLUS HE IS GAY.
SO HE'D WANT TO BE INVOLVED ANYWAY.
OBVIOUSLY.
'SCUSE ME, HOW DO
AAAWWHH!!

AW NO--

I'VE GOT THE TURTLE'S HEAD--

ANY IDEA HOW I MIGHT GET IN TOUCH WITH SWINGWING, THEN?

WELL, ACTUALLY, I NEED TO SEE HIM MYSELF ON A MATTER OF SOME URGENCY. IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR NUMBER I'LL BE SURE TO PASS IT ON.

BE EASIER IF YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE HE IS.

I'M SURE IT WOULD.

I'M GUESSING YOU'RE...GOVERNMENT, RATHER THAN LAW ENFORCEMENT. I'VE ANSWERED YOUR QUESTIONS AS FULLY AND CIVILLY AS I CAN UNDER THE SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT THERE ARE LIMITS.

AND, INCIDENTALLY, I'M CURRENTLY APPROACHING MY OWN.

EAGLE HEARD ME TURN THE LIGHTS ON.

BUT NOT THE DEFENSE GRID.

FAIR ENOUGH.

YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE, WE CAN LET OURSELVES OUT.

WE'LL USE THE DOOR BY THE WATERFALL, IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU.

HUGHIE!!

FUCKIN' BURRITOS...!

YOU TOOK A DUMP IN HIS CAVE--?

I DIDN'T'VE ANY CHOICE.

OH, SHIT...OH, SHIT...!

AW, WHAT'D YOU HAVE TO TELL EVERYBODY FOR...?

'CAUSE IT'S FUCKIN' FUNNY, MATE.

VRAIMENT, PETIT HUGHIE! C'EST LE "COLLECTABLE FIRST APPEARANCE", NON?

HA!!

FUCKSAKE, BOYS, IT'S REALLY EMBARRASSIN'! I MEAN COME ON, THERE'S A LASSIE PRESENT!

YOU WHAT?

OH, YEAH.

NICE TRY.

YOU IMAGINE HE STEPS IN IT? YOU KNOW, HE SHOWS UP TO FIGHT ROCKHOPPER AN' MUDBAKE, AN'--

"UH, 'SCUSE ME, BEFORE WE START: CAN ANYONE ELSE SMELL SHIT?"

ALL RIGHT, COME ON NOW! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO HERE!

I'M *SERIOUS...!*

LOOK, THE LEGEND SAID STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN WAS SLEEPIN' WI' SWINGWING BEFORE HE DIED, RIGHT? WELL WE'VE HEARD NOTHIN' TO CONTRADICT THAT, SO WHY DON'T WE GO AN' TALK TO SWINGWING?

WELL, FOR ONE THING, WE DUNNO WHERE TO FIND THE CUNT. TEK KNIGHT MIGHTA TOLD ME, EXCEPT HE GREW HIS BOLLOCKS BACK AN' THREATENED TO DEATH-RAY ME IN HALF INSTEAD.

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING: DRAKE WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM HATING POOFTERS. HE FELL OVER HIMSELF A BIT WHEN I ASKED HIM THAT ONE.

'NUFF TO WASTE A DUDE FOR FUCKIN' HIS EX-SIDEKICK? WAY TOO THIN.

FRENCHIE... WHEN DID THIS COME IN?

PARDON?

SOMEONE LOOKING FOR UN GENDARME. WRONG NUMBER, CERTAINMENT.

"CONSTABLE CAMPBELL..."

OUI.

Red Rooster

MAX REMEMBERED SOMETHING HE FORGOT TO TELL YOU.

OR CONFESS TO YOU, IS A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT.

JUST TELL HIM.

PAUL, I *SWEAR* TO YOU--

AFTER YOU CAME HERE YESTERDAY...

I...PAUL AND I HAD A FIGHT. AND I TOLD HIM-- I MEAN IT'S NOT LIKE I DIDN'T-- BUT--

I SENT STEPHEN TO TALK TO SWINGWING.

AW, FUCK...

TELL HIM THE REST.

I SWEAR I DIDN'T MEAN FOR HIM TO GET HURT, I SWEAR TO *GOD*... I MEAN OKAY, I DIDN'T LIKE THE KID, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M THE KIND OF PERSON WHO'D FEED HIM TO THE WOLVES, OR WHATEVER...

ANYWAY, I--I NEVER GO TO THE STUPID MEETINGS, I ALWAYS THINK THEY'RE JUST NONSENSE. SO THIS ONE NIGHT I'M WAITING FOR PAUL, I'M A LITTLE EARLY, AND I CATCH SWINGWING MAKING HIS BIG EXIT.

HE LIKES TO, YOU KNOW, HE SAYS GOODBYE AND THEN HE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW OF THE COMMUNITY CENTRE. ALL VERY IMPRESSIVE.

"LIKE I SAY, I'VE GOTTEN THERE EARLY."

YOU'D THINK HE'D JUST FLY ON HOME...

YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF ROCKET FUEL THESE DAYS?

TEN MINUTES GO BY. I'M WATCHING. I MEAN I'M INTRIGUED, BUT I'M STARTING TO FEEL A LITTLE BIT SILLY.

ABERNATHY MOTEL
DAILY-WEEKLY-MONTHLY

"THEN:"

I KNOW THESE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR MASKS AND SECRET IDENTITIES AND SO ON, BUT MOST OF THEM ARE COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS. ALL YOU'D NEED IS TO MEET SWINGWING IN COSTUME--WHICH I HAVE--AND AFTER THAT YOU'D KNOW HIS FACE ANYWHERE.

SO, A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AFTER THAT I'M HAVING A DRINK IN THE ROOSTER, AND PAUL'S BEHIND THE BAR, AND STEPHEN ***WILL NOT*** LEAVE HIM ALONE AND I AM ***UTTERLY*** SICK OF IT--

SO I TAKE HIM ASIDE AND TELL HIM WHERE HE CAN FIND SWINGWING.

I KNOW HE LIKES HIM, HE NEVER SHUTS UP ABOUT THE GUY. THE WAY I SEE IT, IF I CAN BRING HIM AND HIS IDOL TOGETHER, MAYBE HE'LL LEAVE MY MAN ALONE FOR A CHANGE.

UH-HUH.

AND IF SWINGWING TURNS OUT TO BE A LITTLE OVER-PROTECTIVE OF HIS SECRET IDENTITY, WELL, I GUESS THAT'S JUST TOUGH SHIT FOR STEPHEN.

PAUL, I DIDN'T--

FUCK OFF.

I WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THE BOY TO GET HURT, NOT IN A MILLION YEARS...I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SWINGWING UNTIL YOU MENTIONED HIM YESTERDAY...

AYE, LOOK, I'M SORRY, PAL: BUT I HAVE GOT TO GO.

LISTEN, I THINK--

OH, *FUCK ME...!*

HEADQUART

PRIVAT

READ ALL ABOUT IT, MATE.

NEW YORK POST

METRO EDITION

ONLY 50¢

HOMO HERO

• Millionaire Socialite revealed to be TEK KNIGHT

• Tried To Rape Family Butler

•PERVERT

HOW DID--

DUDE WROTE THE PIECE SAYS THE BUTLER QUIT A COUPLE DAYS AGO, CALLED THE PAPERS RIGHT AWAY. HAD 'EM BIDDIN' ON THE STORY.

SO MUCH FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

HE...TRIED TO FUCK HIS *BUTLER?* SO TEK KNIGHT'S GAY AS WELL, THEN?

SO HOW COME HE WAS SO PISSED OFF WHEN DRAKE SAW HIM?

IT WASN'T THE BENDERS, IT WAS SWINGWING TALKIN' TO 'EM. MAYBE TEK KNIGHT WAS JUST JEALOUS.

THEY WERE TOGETHER A LONG TIME; SWINGWING USED TO BE LADDIO. I MEAN I KNOW IT'S A BIT OBVIOUS, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA WONDER ABOUT A BLOKE HAS SOME TEN YEAR-OLD IN A PAIRA Y-FRONTS HELPIN' HIM FIGHT CRIME...

AN' IF HE SAW SWINGWING WI' SOMEBODY ELSE...

AW, SHITE.

DRAKE'S BOYFRIEND SENT STEPHEN TO SEE SWINGWING. JUST TO GET HIM TO LEAVE OFF DRAKE, HE WASN'T TRYNNA... YOU KNOW...

MOOT POINT, INNIT? WE'VE GOTTA GO AN' SEE TEK KNIGHT; NOW HE'S BEEN OUTTED THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT HE'LL DO.

HOMO HERO

NEW YORK POST

WE'VE GOTTA GO?

SURE HE'S GOT THAT BIG CAVE FULLA GIZMOS, I MEAN FUCK KNOWS WHAT HE COULD DO TO US...

MM. PROBABLY NOT TOO PLEASED ABOUT THAT TIGER YOU PARKED ON HIS FLOOR, EITHER.

HA BLOODY HA.

THE THING ABOUT TEK-KNIGHT IS, TECHNICALLY SPEAKIN' HE'S NOT REALLY A SUPE. IF WE COULD GET HIM OUTTA THAT SUIT HE'D BE A PUSHOVER.

HE'S NOT A SUPE?

NEVER TOOK COMPOUND V.

MOST OF 'EM HAVE, MOST OF 'EM'VE CHANGED THEIR BODY CHEMISTRY EITHER BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN--SOMETIMES THEY EVEN TAKE IT A STEP FURTHER WITH SURGICAL ENHANCEMENTS, LIKE THAT SILLY BITCH POPCLAW. BUT YOU DO GET A FEW GO THE OTHER WAY.

MEANIN'...

MONEY.

BLOKE LIKE VERNON, HE SEES ALL THESE SUPES FLYIN' AROUND, SAYS--I FANCY A BIT A' THAT. HE'S GOT A FORTUNE, HE JUST KEEPS THROWIN' CASH AT THE PROBLEM 'TIL SOMEONE BUILDS HIM A WORKIN' SUPER-SUIT.

AYE, I SAW IT. IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' OUTTA SCIENCE FICTION.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT SOME A' THE STUFF THEY CAN DO NOWADAYS, PROVIDED THEY'RE WILLIN' TO SPEND THE MONEY.

LOOK AT CONCORDE: YOU USED TO BE ABLE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THREE HOURS FLAT. THEN THE CUNTS STUCK THE FUTURE IN A MUSEUM.

IF WE DO GET HIM OUTTA THE SUIT...

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO TO HIM?

I MEAN, Y'KNOW, THERE'S NOT MUCH HE CAN DO TO US IF HE'S NOT REALLY A SUPE... THERE'S NOT GONNA BE ANY NEED TO...TO...

IS THERE?

WELL, IF HE BEHAVES HIMSELF, WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT HIS FUTURE. BE HANDY HAVIN' A MEMBER OF PAYBACK IN OUR POCKET, NO MATTER HOW DAMAGED HE IS.

AN' IF HE DOESN'T BEHAVE HIMSELF...HE'LL GET A SLAP.

AYE...

I KNOW THIS IS THE SIDE A' THINGS WORRIES YOU, HUGHIE. YOU GOT OFF TO A FUCKIN' HORRIBLE START, THERE'S NO DENYIN' IT.

BUT I'M NOT GONNA SAY-- DON'T WORRY, MATE, YOU CAN LEAVE THE ROUGH STUFF TO ME. EVERYONE PULLS THEIR WEIGHT IN THIS MOB.

NO EXCEPTIONS.

SOONER OR LATER, MY SON--

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO HURT PEOPLE.

DISCRETION PREVAILS! *DISCRETION PREVAILS!*

NOW EVERYONE THINKS I'M A FUCKING FAGGOT! THAT TWO-FACED LIMEY COCKSUCKER, I'M GONNA RIP HIS GODDAMNED HEAD OFF AND FUCK HIS NECK 'TIL HE *BURSTS--*

I DUNNO IF I LIKE THE SOUNDA THAT.

THREATENIN' ONE A' ME FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.

YOU?!

EVENIN', SQUIRE.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND US LETTIN' OURSELVES IN LIKE THIS.

WHAT ARE YOU--HOW-- WHAT THE FUCK?!

WELL SAID.

WE WANNA 'NOTHER WORD WITH YOU ABOUT STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN. ABOUT WHAT YOU DID TO HIM.

WELL YOU CAN GO AND--

C'MON, BE A GOOD LAD. WE DON'T WANNA HAVE TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY.

I FUCKING DO.

RANGE 3.2M

TASERS ENABLED 500V

RANGE 1.9M

TASERS 1000V

GRIP PRESSURE 200 KG/CM SQ

FLAME GUNS ENABLED

PROXIMITY ALERT

PROXIMITY ALERT

EEEEEEAAAAAAGGGHHH!!

BET YOU FEEL LIKE A RIGHT CUNT.

I DIDN'T KILL HIM.

I'VE NEVER EVEN MET HIM.

YOU'RE DENYIN' YOU SAW STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN WI' SWINGWING?

YES.

I MEAN YOU CAN BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME AND I'LL SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO SAY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD THAT'LL DO YOU.

BUT YOU TOLD US SWINGWING WAS GAY...

I ONLY SAID THAT SO YOU'D GO AFTER HIM NEXT. AS FAR AS I KNOW HE'S STRAIGHT AS A DIE.

SO WHY WOULDN'T YOU TELL US WHERE TO FIND HIM?

BECAUSE I WAS GETTING SICK OF YOUR FUCKING ATTITUDE AND I DIDN'T SEE WHY I SHOULD MAKE IT EASY ON YOU.

BUT WHY WOULD YOU WANNA FUCK THINGS UP FOR SWINGWING ANYWAY? IS HE NOT YOUR PAL?

OH, CHRIST...!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE PROBLEM.

I'VE TAKEN TO...FUCKING THINGS, PEOPLE, INANIMATE OBJECTS. I'VE NO CONTROL OVER IT, I JUST PULL MY COCK OUT AND GET STUCK IN.

AND SWINGWING WAS KIND ENOUGH TO TELL THE SEVEN ABOUT THIS, BECAUSE HE'D HEARD I HAD A CHANCE OF JOINING THEM AND HE WANTED TO MESS IT UP FOR ME. WHICH HE DID.

AND THE ***REASON*** HE WANTED TO DO THAT, APART FROM THE POSSIBILITY THAT IT'D CLEAR THE WAY FOR HIM, HAS TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE ***TALON***...

WHAT, YOU MEAN...?

YEAH.

IT GOES RIGHT BACK TO WHEN SWINGWING WAS LADDIO. RIGHT BACK TO THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ROGUE'S GALLERY.

"THE TALON'S ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO BOUNCE BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN FIGHTING CRIME AND COMMITTING IT. SOMETIMES SHE'S ON OUR SIDE, SOMETIMES WE'RE TRYING TO TAKE HER DOWN.

"LADDIO--AS SWINGWING WAS THEN--HE AND I WERE ALWAYS CHASING HER OVER SOME ROOFTOP OR OTHER. EVENTUALLY I THINK WE ALL REALISED WE WERE JUST THREE FRIENDS PLAYING A GAME, AS MUCH AS ANYTHING ELSE."

ANYWAY... A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO SHE SHOWS UP OUT OF THE BLUE, AND TO TELL THE TRUTH NEITHER OF US CAN REALLY REMEMBER IF SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A BAD GIRL OR A GOOD GIRL THIS TIME AROUND.

SO WE JUST COME BACK HERE AND ORDER TAKE-OUT, OPEN A COUPLE OF BOTTLES OF WINE. IT'S NO BIG DEAL HER SEEING THE TEK-CAVE; SHE TAILED ME BACK HERE RIGHT AT THE VERY START.

SHE SAYS, YOU KNOW, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE SWINGWING A CALL.

MAKE IT A PROPER REUNION, THAT KIND OF THING.

"AND IT IS. IT'S REALLY GOOD FUN.

"WE TALK ABOUT OLD TIMES, ALL THE CRAZY SHIT THAT USED TO HAPPEN WHEN WE WERE HAVING ADVENTURES. WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE VARIOUS GROUPS AND TEAMS, WHO'S DOING WHAT TO WHO, ALL THAT.

"SWINGWING'S GOT SOME GREAT STORIES. LIKE I SAY, WE HAVE A GREAT TIME.

"WE REALLY...

"DO...

"HAVE...

"A GREAT TIME."

"SO I THINK, OKAY, FINE, AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO GET UP AND LEAVE THEM TO IT--"

WE DRINK MORE WINE. WE'RE SOMEWHERE BEYOND TIPSY BY THIS STAGE.

AND I'VE JUST FINISHED TOPPING OFF MY GLASS, AND I PUT THE BOTTLE DOWN AND I TURN AROUND AGAIN--

AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT WE'RE...

WE'RE...

OH, CHRIST.

PART OF ME CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT'S HAPPENING. ALL I CAN THINK IS-- DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE.

DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE.

"DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE."

SUCK IT, BABY, SUCK HIS BIG BAMBOO--

"AND IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM THERE."

next: A LITTLE ANIMAL CRACKER HOME THEATRE